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Choice Poetry.

THE TWO VISIONS.

Through days of toil, through nightly hours,
A vision blessedway haunt for pleasy,
And on canvas its features grave,
My hand followed the blessing hour.

I saw her there, a hundred days,
In unconscious power of form,
And strength'ning and expanding charms
Rounded the full beauty of her face.

The joy and grace of love is true,
Thoughtfulness smiles at the bosom,
When vain desires and restless schemes
Weep, pillowed on our early dreams.

How fast chose: hands her stood,
In speaker hymn, our love answered;
Our common beings one, in Heaven—
The darling miracles of Earth.

The mother's smile, the children's kiss,
And home's serene, cheering bliss!
The fruitage of a life that here
But like Summer blooms before:

Such was the vision, for and sweet,
That, still beyond Time's lagging feet,
Lay glimmering in my heart its years,
Lone with the mist of happy tears.

That vision died, in drops of woe,
In blotting drops, dissolving slow;
Now, telling day and sorrowing night,
Another vision fills my sight.

A cold cursed in the Winter snow;
A colder heart at rest below;
A life in utter loneliness buried,
And darkness over all the world.

My heart, a bird with broken wing,
Deserted by its mate of Spring,
Droops, shivering, while the chill winds blow,
And fill the nest of Love with snow.

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER;
OR,
THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

I dream of all things free!
Of a gallant, gallant bark,
That sweeps the wide waters at will, and sea
Like an ocean to its mark!
Of a song that o'er the hills
Goes bounding in its glee—
Of a thousand dashing rills—
Of all things glad and free!

Of a happy forest child,
With the fawns and flowers at play;
Of an Indian midst the wild,
With the ocean to guide his way;
Of a chief his warriors leading—
Of an archer's greenwood tree—
My heart in chains lies bleeding,
But I dream of all things free!
Hemans's Songs of Captivity.

CHAPTER I.

ST. CLARA'S ISLE.

The Island lies nine leagues away:
Along its solitary shore
Of craggy and rocky bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild seabird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.
E. H. Dana.

The scenes of our story lie along the Western shore of Maryland, near the mouth of the Potomac River, and among the inlets of the Chesapeake Bay.

Nothing can be more beautiful, grand and inspiring, than the scenery of this region.

The great Potomac, a mighty and irresistible monarch of rivers, even from her first stormy conquest, in which she rent apart the everlasting mountains, and forced herself a passage to the sea—whose sad brawlings have been changed, attending the music of her majestic movements to the ears of her invincible ally in a vast, calm, majestic flow of waters to the ocean.

At the mouth of the river on the North, or Maryland side, is Point Lookout—on the South, or Virginia side, is Smith's Point, with an expanse of water twenty miles in width between them.

The shore on the Maryland side is broken by the most beautiful creeks and inlets, and dotted by the most beautiful islets that imagination can depict:—Creeks, whose crystal-clear waters reflect every enchanting hill and vale, every shadowy tree and bright flower lying upon their banks, and every soft and dark, or sun-gilded and glorious cloud floating in the skies above their bosoms:—Islets, whose dewy, fresh and green verdure of vegetation, darkening trees, and produce of fruits, accept one as pretty accounts of an ideal homestead. The beauties and luxuriance of this shore is enhanced by the occasional glimpses of most human—magnificent, or simply picturesque—seen indistinctly through the trees at the head of some creek, on the summit of some distant hill, or in the shadow of some thick grove.

Nothing can surpass the pleasure of the opposite, but decidedly blended emotions inspired by this scene!

On the one hand the eye rests, with its kindred feelings, in sunny hills and shadowy dells, in old forests, in corn-fields, and in sweet, unpretending houses, yields that free sense of safety and repose, which the most adventurous never like to lose entirely.

On the other hand, looking out in the sea, the broad expanse of waters, the free and magnificent pathway to all parts of the world, fills and dilates the heart with an excellent sense of boundless freedom!

I said that the inlets of the Potomac were fertile, verdant, and luxuriant in vegetation. This is because their sandy soil is mixed freely with clay and marl; because it is enriched with the deposits of the vast flocks of water-fowl that hover upon them for safe repose; and finally, because within the warm-set beds of the particolored soil is a virgin mine, where, for ages, vegetables has budded, blossomed and decayed, and returned to the earth to fertilize it. (And here let me be pardoned for saying, that it is a matter of astonishment to me that the attention of enterprising men has never been turned to these islands as a source of agricultural wealth, for, besides the rich fertility of the soil, the salubrity of the air, and the beauty and grandeur of the land and water scenery, these islands are rich in shoals of fish, crabs, and oysters, and in vast flocks of water-fowl. But we are overleaping and leave the matter to meet the far-off good.)

Beyond the mouth of the river, however, and up the heart of the bay, the islands are rarely met with—mostly uncultivated, or entirely barren.

Any one who will turn to the map of Maryland, will see that the Chesapeake Bay is interspersed with numerous islands of all sizes, from the largest—Kent Island—to the smallest, nameless mere heaps, that the Eastern and Western shores of Maryland are literally dotted with every variety of land and water scenery; that the inlets and islands of the mouth form the most charming features of the landscape.

Some thirteen miles from Point Lookout, at the mouth of the Potomac River, by the Western shore of Maryland, there is a beautiful island, or small bay, washing up about three miles into the land, called St. Clara's Bay, by one of the early Roman Catholic settlers. At the head waters of this inlet is a small, rocky isle, formed, like the rest of the first settlements of the State, entirely by the Roman Catholics. It was called by the first settlers and great founders, Old Faithful, because it would have resisted the growth, and withstood it to its utmost, if the new religion of the Bay Isles, and the legal proprietary and settlers of the mainland. Lying two miles off the mouth of this inlet, and stretching across in front of it, to an entrance, easily, and nearly known about which, narrow, in fact, twice, square and rectangular, and open, still a secure and safe harbor in early colonial times, and beautified by the name of rural sentiment of the bay and town—St. Clara's Isle—in honor of his patron saint.

But there was another sentiment of the Island, kind and tenderly; a tenderness, who, believing in, and acknowledging no greater personage than himself, had named the isle, the bay, and town also, when it was laid out, *after* himself. So they were first and most frequently called Herron's Island, Bay and Town.

CHAPTER II.

THE SUITORS OF THE ISLE.

Their ancient steps had wandered from the green and fertile land,
Down where the river lines comes rolled to pass the ocean strand,
They proudly from the purified ganda and gilded toys away,
To gather up the salt seaweed, or dabble in the spray;
They chanted to the distant wave, or breathed their gallant lays,
They met the morning freshness there and lingered till the dark,
And still their souls are as they were and as they e'er will be,
Loving and wild as what they love—the restless, mighty sea!
Miss Coal.

The Herrons, proprietors by pre-emption right of St. Clara's town, bay and isle, and of the contiguous lands, for more than two hundred years, were one of the old Roman Catholic Maryland aristocracy. They had not come over with the Calverts under the auspices of Lord Baltimore, founder and first Lord Proprietary of Maryland. No Brave and adventurous, lovers of solitude and of independence, they had retired among the Indians and the wilderness many years previous to the date of that patent by which Jerome I., grandson of the prince of Maryland to George Calvert, first Baron of Baltimore and Lord Proprietary of Maryland. Friends and companions of that celebrated nobleman—no-king," Calvertons, they had taken a solitary and energetic part with him in opposing the intrusion of the new settlers brought over by Lord Calvert, and in resisting the newly established authority of the Lord Proprietary.

Every one familiar with the history of this province, knows the bitterness and contest that raged for many years between the adherents of Calvert, first settlers and pre-emption holders of the Isles of the Bay, and the partisans of Lord Baltimore, palentees and legal owners of the mainland, and statutable holders of all the Bay Isles. Every one conversant with the chronicles of those "troublous times" of the colony, knows also how these conflicts ended—namely, in the defeat and death of Clarkstone, and the dispersion or subjugation of his partisans.

And the adhesion of the Herrons was more gorgeously brilliant than ever. Every one of this kind, however, has its exception—some stanch fellow, of a still-settled generation, who will rather bend, nor break—some notable example of a monstrously developed organ of firmness, who will rather yield, fight, nor retreat—some Mordecai the Jew, who will stand at the King's gate, but will ow do homage to the passing greatness and authority.

The Herrons of Lord Baltimore, was old Hugh Herron of the Isles, who, with his sons, held possession of his island, and would neither give them up, or acknowledge that he held them in fealty to Lord Baltimore.

Ho! He had purchased the Islands from the Indians many years before Lord Baltimore thought of Maryland; he had re-leased them from a descent and uncultivated state; he had made his home and settled his family upon one of them; he had colonized farm laborers, carpenters, blacksmiths and boat-builders upon others, for his own benefit; he had been lord of all he surveyed for years before Lord Baltimore ever entered the ends, and ever, spite of all the royal patents, gubernatorial commissions, writs of ejectment, warrants, or other legal documents whatsoever, intending to "Whoa-ho!" and ending to "Gee-up!" over our land and soil!—he meant just to keep possession of his property.

How this ancient world have terminated is uncertain, had not the attention of the Lord Proprietary been called from these minor matters to affairs of the most instant and vital importance to his province and government. They were the Revolution of England, and the threatened sovereignty of the colony of Maryland—that great unnatural earthquake which was felt even to her remotest provinces.

For many years of great national and colonial excitement had passed, and the Restoration had given peace to England and her colonies; when Charles II. was restore upon his throne in London; Charles Calvert, third Lord Baltimore, was sent in his governmental chair in St. Mary's; why—then—still poor old stubborn Hugh Herron, of the Isles, now a supplemental veteran of the seas, and a patriarch well stricken in years, was left in undisturbed enjoyment of that sanguist estate to which long possession, as well as purchase and cultivation, had seemed to give him a right.

There were many remarkable, almost fabulous points of character about the family of the Herrons. A gigantic, strong and handsome race of men, they were not prolific. They were solid, indeed, to possess the fabled characteristics of the mountain—the peculiarity of producing but one of their kind. Thus their name had come down from the earliest records of the family to the time of their settlement in America, through a succession of only one. With lovers of liberty and of daring adventure, the Herrons had, from the earliest times, taken to the sea. They had united among the first adventurers to the New World, and ranked among the lonely Isles of the Bay. In resisting the authority of the Lord Proprietary of Maryland, they had followed the impulse of their first love of freedom. But kings of the New World they continued to be from father to son up to the time of the American Revolution.

At the commencement of the American Revolution, a certain Captain Hugh Herron, the then representative and head of the family, first took an enthusiastic passion for liberty, (re-fighting!) and a great portion of his patrimony, and purchased, fitted out, and manned a privateer, and sailed against the British flag.

He served gallantly and with various success during the whole period of the war.

* For the revival and celebration at this old British settlement, see Scharf's Isle Maryland.

† There was an early colonial law, prohibiting the purchase of lands from the Indians by individuals.

At the glorious close of the Revolutionary struggle, Captain Hugh Herron, the soldier-sailor, returned to Herron and settled with friends, Captain Hugh Herron, the soldier-sailor, returned to Herron and settled with friends, Captain Hugh Herron, the soldier-sailor, returned to the last few land of his native shore—Saint Clara's Island, in the Bay of St. Clara's, otherwise called Herron's Island—there to die in obscurity.

A few days previous to his death, he called his only son, Hugh, to his bedside, and explained his power to descend—never even to accept compensation from Congress for the services and the losses during the war.

"My children, my heirs, my life-blood were not sold like prizes for the spoils of victory and of my country," he said, "and I would have the last vessel of the name perished.

Hugh Herron, the last, and now the sole representative of the family, was, at the time, about eighteen years old. Having lost his mother at an early age, he had been taken by his father in a companion in all his sea voyages.

He had sailed with him in his first privateering expedition against the British ships. At first as a volunteer and "amateur operator," afterwards as a regular and "professional operator," he had figured in all the sea-fights in which his father's ships had been engaged during the whole course of the war.

These all adventurous, wrought that wonderment of the sailor and soldier, had been dashed into. And then Hugh Herron, though tall, strong, handsome and gallant, like all his race, was yet rude, uncultivated and unpolished.

He was faithful to the dying injunctions of his father. With many clashes upon his country's enemies and gentlemen, he set forth none.

Leaving the scenes with the parent, he could scarcely of all his father's nature, he took to it as his natural element.

First he engaged in the humble capacity of mate on board "The Little Agnes," a small schooner plying between Herron Town and Baltimore or Alexandria, as the freight or market demanded.

After serving many years in this situation, as transported man to the wheel of former years of the war, and of extending the care of his boats and the length of his voyages. This was the death of the old ship-owner and captain with whom he had sailed for many years, and who, dying, left him all his moderate possessions on conditions of his marrying his only daughter, then a mere child of fifteen years of age, and constituted him her guardian until the marriage. The heart of the brave young sailor had seldom or never turned on love or marriage—it was not the nature of his fear, gold, adventurous race. But when he had finished his old captain's in Baltimore, where he died, and taken the command of the little schooner to return home to Herron Town to find his little ward and wife—then—ah! then all sorts of strange, sweet, solemn and tender thoughts of beauty, and love, and home, and repose, crowded about his heart.

It was late in the afternoon of a glorious October day, that the schooner, with her crew, put in to the harbor of Herron's Inlet. Behind them, Herron Town and Baltimore, fading out of sight; before them, Saint Clara's Island, with its rocky isle, its bay, its creek, its town, with the light, fire and cheering voices of the inhabitants there. What was the event, with the bright Fall flowers, the golden sky, the sunset hour, the quiet and repose, Agnes, just fifteen years old, and for her age, but full-formed and exquisitely proportioned. Her features were regular, with the "sweet low brow," and straight pure and refined type of the Grecian profile—her eyes were of dark and melting blue—and her dark, rich auburn hair, parted over a forehead of snowy fairness, dropped in a mass of irregular ringlets down clusters of exquisite dye. The blue she inspired was that of the richness and fullness of life.

She opened the door and stood within it with a smiling recognition of the pleasure of the visit.

They ordered the city train on the ground floor.

This room—parlor or library, as you please—was the very model of fastidious elegance and order. In the centre was [illegible] Turkish rug, the like of which is not to be found in Philadelphia, and [illegible] of which [illegible] Chairs, [illegible] of which [illegible] Sofa, [illegible] of which [illegible] Centre-table, [illegible] of which [illegible] Secretary, [illegible] of which [illegible] Book-case, [illegible] of which [illegible] Writing-desk, [illegible] of which [illegible] Work-table, [illegible] of which [illegible] Ottoman, [illegible] of which [illegible] Sofa, [illegible] of which [illegible] Chairs, adorned with rows of pewter plates and dishes, bright as silver; on the left the accompanying room was partly filled by a corner cupboard, through the glass door of which shone the clean blue Delph-ware cups and saucers.—The further end of the large room was occupied—the one corner by a loom, the other by a spinning-wheel, just set back. The sides of the room were lined with white pine shelves

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 Sower Terne Street, Penna.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

Miscellaneous.

THE N. Y. FIREMAN ON THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

FROM THE LITERARY WORLD.

If you want to know who I am, I am tell you just as quick as a fire flash; yer can bet yer life on it-a-t!

I runs with Number Sixty; I does, and I sleeps on her pile of hose every night. The machine don't go out to fires unless I go first; and then nop-be she don't lag!

I never was much believer, and them was on Forty's dozen, to let 'em know that Sixty's men was all scared for the largest go. But I'm blowed if I hasn't a curiosity to know what's went about that 'ere Fire 'Hilliator, which the papers are makin' such a mean about, and I'm agoing to write one more letter to ask.

I know it's a humbug *afore I commences*; cause that ere Barnum lays the hoss of the whole concern. There's some kind of a Jenny Lind hitch about it though, or he wouldn't go in! Nap-be he ain't a coon, though! He's around when there's money in the pipe!—but your life on it-a-t!

I'm crazed if I didn't study over the "Sun" one blessed hour the other day at Pete Smithher's bar-room, a-trying to find out wot it was all about. There's a new named Phillips hereabout it, the Sun said; but now, look-a-here, where *is* Phillips, anyhow? If he's around, tell him out for hoppers. Where can he keep his machines to put out fires with a stream as smoke guiding through a pipe? Oh, g-a-a-a-s! Why don't he bring the 'Hilliator out and try it on a fire? If he'll only try it when Sixty's boys have got their stream on, I guess he'll know who's got the strongest play!

It's a brass machine with a brickbat in—the paper said. Now, I believe that one: *I don't*—Auto the nose Phillips must have had a brick in his face when he invented it. Perhaps its the same brick wot he puts into the 'Hilliator! A brick-bat made of wire and chestnut, with some stuff they calls gypsum—with a bottle inside with sugar and potash and vitriol; and when they smash 'em all up together, the gas comes out of the pipe and puts the fire out!

Oh, y-a-a-s! yer better believe I'll swallow that one humbug!

Wasn't I at fifty fires where there was drug stores a burning? Haven't I seen nitre and gypsum, with potash and vitriol burning together like a stable roof? Don't I know better?—Haven't I heard of the big flamejoke of vitriol which got spoot of down in the drug store down in Maiden Lane, where Number Thirty played old Three out of sight? Lordy! how it did bure and phin!

Talk of charcoal, too! No, yon don't! I guess I knows all about charcoal by this time!—*I does!*

I read as how all engines will be worth new will be to put the smoke out and wash the oil combers; that this ere pan knocks down flame to the tune of some hundreds of tons of water. Anderson. And yer may go yer length that flame 'll mind this ere gas just about as much as Cornsel used to mind flame! Now, if Mr. Barnum or the Corporation think that I'm a goin' to take the ma-chine to do fi-re to play second fiddle to this ga-s, they may just take my coat and wear it out next Christmas. I don't sleep by do ma-chine for nothing! I doesn't clean it out every Sunday for nothing!—I doesn't run to a fire out of my district without I knows why for! What's the fun of pumping water on a bit of smoke, I'd like to know? D'yo think I've hold Sixty's pipe for nothing, when the man inside calls out to stop, the fire's out? May-be I can't drench a house out, though—just try me, though. Maybe, too, I can't hit a streak of flame at sixty feet, and only half strike!

And yer don't get this ere children-carry can out of them 'Hilliators. It ain't no kind of game-o! I might as well be a jury-man or a Gentlemanlier in a three-screwed hat, going down Broadway, with a tag of niggers at his heels. As Nat Fox rest—and he's one of the boys—says in Othello, when I comes to that, "my occupation's gone;" gone just like a rainy Fourth of July!

We got a talking over this ere new rig of Barnum's in the engine-house, last Sunday night, and our foreman, who knows a bit or two worth knowing about books, says the 'Hilliator will all end in smoke—there's nothing lively about it. A few precious gulls 'll be bitten by it, and then folks 'll take to the Firemen scrawler than ever. But my mind, after all, ain't exactly straight about it. I'd like to measure off the hose afore I gives in one way or t'other. If No. Sixty's men are going to be humbugged by a parcel of old boxes, (like a boy's squirt engine,) worked with brick-bats and vitriol, I'm again' to leave the company right soon—yer may bet your life on that!

ONE WHO RUNS WITH NO. "SIXTY."

WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

BY J. F. MORRIS.

[We believe we have published the following before, but it is so very appropriate to the present times, that it will bear republishing:]

A little Frenchman loaned a merchant five thousand dollars when the "times were good." He called at the counting-house a few days ago in a state of agitation not easily described.

"How do you do?" inquired the merchant.

"Sick,—ver sick," replied monsieur.

"What's the matter?"

"Dolmee is do matter."

"Dollmee? what disease is that?"

"Is Maladie dat brook all do merchants, ver much."

"Ah! the times, eh? Well they are bad, very bad, sure enough; but, do they affect you?"

"Vy, monsieur, I lose do confidence."

"In whom?"

"Is everybody."

"Not in me, I hope."

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur, but I do not know who to trust, at present, when all do merchants break several times to pieces."

"Then I presume you want your money?"

"Oui, monsieur, I starve for want of l'argent."

"Can't you do without it?"

"No, monsieur, I must have it."

"You must."

"Oui, monsieur," said dimity-breeches, turning pale with apprehension for the safety of his money.

"And you can't do without it?"

"No, monsieur, not von leetle moment lonjee."

The merchant reached his bank-book, drew a check on the bank for the amount, and handed it to his visitor.

"Vat is dis, monsieur?"

"A check for five thousand dollars, with the interest."

"Is it bon?" said the Frenchman, with amazement.

"Certainly."

"Have you l'argent in do bank?"

"Yes."

"And is it parfaitment convenient to pay do sum?"

"Undoubtedly. What scrutchon you?"

"Yes, dat you have got him in dem times."

"Oh, yes, and I have got plenty there. I owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's notice."

The Frenchman was perplexed.

"Monsieur, you shall do me one leetle favor, eh?"

"Well, monsieur, you shall keep do l'argent for one leetle year longare."

"Why, I thought you wanted it?"

"Yous an contrairie. I no want do l'argent—I want do grand confidence. Suppose you no got the money; don I want him ver much—suppose you got him; don I no want him at all. Yous comprenez, eh?"

After some other conference, the little Frenchman prevailed upon the merchant to retain the money, and left the counting-house with a light heart, and a countenance very different from the one he wore when he entered. His confidence was restored, and although he did not stand in need of the money, he wished to know that his property was in safe hands.

☞ Did you never hear of the Yankee, who, boasting of a visit to George III, and his familiarity with them, said He Majesty would have asked them to dine, if it had not been washing day!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A GRANDMOTHER.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Charlotte, having just returned from school and thrown herself upon the sofa, "how this parlor looks. Will papa never get any new furniture?"

"Why, Lottie, what do you mean?" asked her grandmother, in a tone of astonishment, at the same time dropping her knitting and looking first at the young lady, then around the room, over the spectacles which rested on the point of her nose. "What can you wish for that isn't here?"

"There is enough here such as it is; but, grandmother, it is so horrid old fashioned. The carpet, table, sofa, chairs, everything, looks out of date."

"But for all that, Lottie, everything is nice and comfortable."

"It doesn't seem so to me, particularly when we have company. I am heartily ashamed to have people see us for behind the times. I positively cannot be contented with living in this style, and if papa doesn't newly furnish throughout this fall, I don't know what I shall do."

"Lottie, you can't remember seventy years ago, as your old grandmother can. Come, child, I think I can tell you something that will be good for you to listen to."

"Please do, grandmother. I always love to hear about old times. I will take this seat by the window where it is cooler—now let me hear."

"No, not till you get your sewing. A girl like you, should never sit down without work of some kind. If you would not fail to do this for a few weeks, it would come to be a habit so that you never would want to sit idle. Then you'd always have your work done bottimes, and hardly know when you did it, either; but if you make a practice of letting a half hour or an hour run to waste every now and then, depend upon it, Lottie, your work will always drag, and pester you, and you'll never bring much to pass at home or abroad."

"Well, I will make this shirt sleeve. Now begin the story."

"I've no story in particular on my mind, Lottie, but I thought to tell you something about how people had to live when I was young, and then may be you'll feel a bit less resentful towards this furniture; may be, instead of complaining, as you are very apt to do, you will find that you have a great deal to be thankful for.

"One of the first things I remember—and it seems as much like a dream as a reality, for I must have been very young at the time—is of trying to walk on a floor which was so rickety and uneven that the best I could do, I couldn't step a half-dozen steps without tumbling headlong and bruising my forehead or making my nose bleed.

"Another thing that happened I think nothing afterwards, I plainly recollect—it doesn't seem a bit like a dream. One cold Winter day I got into a corner of the kitchen, not for the lack of something better to do, I suppose, out to punching out with a stick the moss and clay which had been put in to fill up the crevices between the logs of the wall. You, Lottie, your old grandmother was born in a log house, and never saw anything better till she was older than you are to-day.

"Well, you see, where the caulking was out, the weather could come right in, and I pretty soon scraped up snow enough from the floor to make a nice great ball. But just then my mother happened to observe what I was about, and put an end to my fun, directly, by giving me a whipping—*that*, I suppose, is what makes me recollect the affair so well. Then my mother, she stuffed the cracks I had made, full of woolen rags.

"I told you how shickety-shackety our floor was, and there were great wide cracks between the boards all 'round. I didn't use to have playthings like children now-a-days do—nice wax dolls, and all that, no, indeed. But one day my mother made me a rag baby, and, oh, how tickled I was with it! But I hadn't played with it but a few minutes, when I happened to let it fall, and down through the floor it went out of sight!"

"Your baby must have been a little thing," said Charlotte.

"Not so little, either. It was full middling-sized, but the cracks in the floor were a great deal more than middling. I screamed well, I can tell you, for I never expected to see my new baby again. But mother she got a light, and lifted up the trap-door and went down into the little, dark cellar, and there she found my baby safe and sound.

"Grimes was the best in the whole neighborhood, I mean the country for three or four miles around. It had two rooms besides the chamber, and three half-sash windows. There was a rough stone fireplace with a stick chimney. The doors had wooden latches that on one side were raised by a string.

"The family that lived nearest to father's, had no floor to their house, nor windows, and no regular fireplace. There was a large flat stone stood up at one side of the room, to hold the fire against. Directly over this was a hole in the spruce-bark roof, three feet wide or so, to let out the smoke and let in the light. In freezing weather, I have seen icicles several feet long hanging down all around that opening. I must tell you about this family, but not now, for there comes your friend Lucy. Next Saturday afternoon, when your school doesn't keep, just put me in mind of it, and I will tell you more concerning old times."—*American Union.*

General News.

YANKEE CLIPPERS.—The achievements of our country upon the ocean are something really to be proud of. In point of speed, American vessels bear off the palm, whether as steamers, yachts or clippers. The late performance of the Flying Cloud to San Francisco is attracting as much attention as the recent yacht race in England. The Flying Cloud made Cape Horn in 80 days, and the line (Pacific side) in 71 days. Her run from Cape Horn to San Francisco was made in 39 days. Her best run in 24 hours was 374 miles—the greatest run ever made by a sea-going vessel—averaging 15½ miles per hour, beating the fastest of Collins's steamers by 50 miles. In three successive days she made 992 miles. At this rate she would cross the Atlantic in less than nine days. While making this run, she was carrying top-gallant sails, with the wind one point forward of the beam. On one occasion, during a squall, 17 knots of line were found insufficient to measure her speed—40 miles was her shortest run in 24 hours. When 10 days out, she sprung her mainmast head, rendering the mast very tender the rest of the voyage.

THE CUBAN PRISONERS.—The *New York Times* says that the Captain-General of Cuba states that if the Spanish residents at New Orleans are indemnified for the losses sustained at the hands of the mob, there will be no obstacle to the immediate release of all the prisoners upon a proper application to the Court of Madrid. So satisfied is Concha upon this point, that he authorized Captain Ellis to make the above statement to the United States authorities at Washington.

MR. Patterson, of New Orleans, who went to Havana to intercede in person for the life and liberty of her son, Charles A. Bowser, arrived too late to see him, as he had already departed for Cadiz. We are glad to hear, however, that she was so far successful as to secure from Concha his full pardon. The document has been sent to Spain, and will probably reach there in time to give him a joyful greeting upon landing.

JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind intends to commence her concerts with Salvi, Joseph Burke, and Otto Goldschmidt. The first concert will be given, the *New York Tribune says*, on authority, at Buffalo; from there she will go to Toronto, and thence West, as far as Chicago, singing in the principal towns; Cincinnati will be the limit of her excursion on the South. She will then return to the East, and will arrive in New York about the 15th of December. The story that she was to appear in opera is denied. In a letter to Mr. *Jay*, she says:

"I have not the *most remote idea* of ever again returning to the stage; and although I usually treat with perfect indifference the reports and sayings of writers in newspapers or otherwise, yet I should feel really thankful to you to state that no indecement whatever, can lead to make me change my mind in reference to the resolution I have adopted to quit the stage.

PAPER MONEY.—The "Corriere Italiane" gives the following summary of the amount of paper money afloat in Europe at the present time. Total amount 1,561,426,520; of this Russia has 329,680,000; Austria 600,000,000; Britain and Ireland 210,000,000; France 140,000,000; and Prussia 54,000,000; the Papal States 26,000,000; Portugal 25,000,000; Belgium 26,000,000; Saxony 15,000,000; Sweden 14,000,000; Turkey 10,000,000; Spain 8,000,000; Bavaria 6,500,000; the balance being divided among the smaller States. Bremen, Hamburg and some of the smaller German States, Switzerland, Norway, Parma, Modena, Servia and the Danubian Principalities have no paper currency.

THANKSGIVING.—The first Thanksgiving gun has been fired by Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who has appointed Thursday, the 27th of November, as a day for such public ceremonies. The Post learns that there is an understanding among all the Governors in the Union to appoint the above day for the observance of [illegible] holidays.

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE SYRACUSE RESCUE.—We learn from Washington that the President has sent instructions to New York, to arrest all the parties concerned in the late forcible rescue of a fugitive slave at Syracuse, saging at the same time, their committal for trial, on the charge of treason.

RECALLED.—Mr. Owen, United States Consul at Havana, has been recalled. His recall is accompanied by a letter from the President, informing him that his defiance is wholly unsatisfactory. Col. James B. Walker, of New Orleans, is spoken of as his successor.

PACIFIC RAILROAD SUBSCRIPTION.—St. Louis has given a majority of 1,485 votes in favor of the subscription by the city of $100,000 additional, to the stock of the Pacific Railroad, in order to secure the State loan of $250,000. The loan is now secured, and the work will go on rapidly.

THE PARDONS.—The United States Marshal of Florida has libelled the steamer Pampero for violation of the revenue laws, and participation in the Cuban invasion.

GEORGIA.—Cobb's majority for Governor is said to be 15,000. Six Union and two Southern Rights candidates are believed to be elected to Congress. Three-fourths of the Legislature will consist of Union men.

MISSISSIPPI.—The Vicksburg Whig says all the returns for the Convention are now in, and it is ascertained that the Union men have elected eighty-three members, and the Secessionists seventeen.

Both Mr. Foote and Mr. Jefferson Davis have resigned their seats in the United States Senate.

A LETTER FROM DALLAS.—The Galveston (Texas) News publishes a letter from the Hon. George M. Dallas, of this city, dated at the end of July, containing a distinct admission of the failure of the Compromise measures, and a proposition to decide the Slavery question, once for all, by an amendment of the Constitution.

PROCONSUL BY DESIRE.—Lord Willoughby d'Eresby an opulent and practical cultivator of the Grimethorpe Estate, near Bourne, England, has recently made several most successful experiments in opening and pulverising the soil by an engine. A writer in the London *News*, describing them, says that steam ploughing is now no longer a problem. The field selected for the late experiment had grown a wheat crop, and was of good tillable soil. The engine was placed on a moveable iron road at the end of the field. By way of testing the relative powers, the plough, a double one, with reversed shares and coulters, was drawn in one direction by horses, and contrarily by steam. The horses, four very powerful animals, had much labor to drag the implement, and that only at a slow pace; whilst the engine, of twenty-six horse power, hurried it back as fast as a man could fairly walk to contest the plough. After several "bouts," a subsoil plough was attached to a gage of nine and afterwards twelve inches. This additional burden, which the horses could not possibly have drawn, evidently steadied and improved the motion, and left the work in a most satisfactory manner. Harrows were afterwards appended with an equally pleasing result. The ploughing took place across old land, which showed in some places considerable dips. Two engines placed parallel at each end of the field would, without difficulty, with only a double plough, complete four acres of land in ten hours, and, if required, subsoil it too. The relative expense of ploughing twenty-four acres of land is given as follows, by horse £9 12s.; by steam £6 16s. By steam-power the twenty-four acres would be completed in a week. It would require at least ten horses to plough it in the same period.

A BANKER'S DODGE.—A very good story is told of a little sharp practice on the part of the Cashier of the People's Bank of Paterson. The morning this institution failed he came into town, expecting to make arrangements to go on as usual; but his agent here very properly refused to redeem the bills unless previously supplied with the needful, which was not forthcoming; and the Cashier accordingly started on his return to make preparations for closing the bank. On arriving at Jersey City he bought a large number of brokers collected, who had got wind of the trouble, and were go their way to Paterson to secure, if possible, the redemption of the bills in their hands. The train started, the hungry billholders seated in the cars, and the Cashier, who is President of the Railroad Company, standing with the engineer on the locomotive. After a run of a few miles, the bolt by which the engine drew its burden was quietly withdrawn, and the locomotive, carrying the Cashier, sped on to Paterson, leaving the cars to follow at their leisure. As soon as he had taken leave of his passenger, the engineer put back to bring up the train, and found it at a dead stand in an interesting locality, where the passengers had abundant time and opportunity to examine the scenery, and cool the fever of their impatience. When the train reached Paterson the score of brokers rushed to the bank, but found it closed, with an interesting placard attached to the door.

LETTER OF COL. CRITTENDEN TO HIS UNCLE.—The Washington Republic on Saturday, published the following letter from Col. Crittenden, written a few minutes before he was shot:

SHIP OF WAR ESPERANZA, Aug. 16, 1851.

Dear Uncle—In a few minutes some fifty of us will be shot—we came with Lopez. You will do me the justice to believe that my motive for coming was a good one. I was deceived by Lopez. He, as well as the public press, assured me that this island was in a state of prosperous revolution.

I am commanded to finish writing at once.

Your nephew, W. L. CRITTENDEN.

I will die like a man.

Hon. J. J. CRITTENDEN, Attorney General United States, Washington city.

The letter, the Republic says, is lying before us as we write, in the firm, bold, steady hand of one who was prepared to "die like a man," and who kept his word. And his dying assertion is that he owes his death to the deceptions of the "Pearl Press!"

The Spanish papers publish a list of the killed and wounded among the Spanish soldiers in the battles. The killed amount to 58, the wounded 166, bruised 8—Total 245.

TWO MORE CAPTURED.—Two more of the Cuban Invaders—the remnant of six who had been wandering about the mountains—have been captured at sea. Three of the party were shot, but these two managed to get to the beach, and came to a small boat floating astern of a schooner. They were allowed to take two oars from the schooner and the boat. With these they put off, and having been at sea between twenty-four and thirty-six hours, rowing nearly all the time, they were met by a Spanish coiller, on board which they went voluntarily, and were carried into Mariel.

As they were taken out of the jurisdiction of Spain, Captain Platt has demanded their release. The great obstacle seemed to be, that the men had admitted, upon examination, that they belonged to Lopez's party. They are to be tried at Havana. It is thought Commodore Parker will make a peremptory demand for their release.

USEFUL INVENTION.—Mr. Peter Teal, of No. 208 Race Street, Philadelphia, has invented a self acting ventilator for regulating the temperature of rooms heated with stoves or furnaces. It is of the usual circular form, with triangular orifices, which are opposed or closed by the movement of the inner wheel. The motion is accomplished by means of a glass thermometer-tube, bent in the shape of an U, attached to the axle on which the wheel moves. At one end of the tube there is an orifice, and as the room becomes heated, the mercury expanding, creates more weight on one side than the other, and causes the ventilator to revolve, and allow the heated and vitiated atmosphere to pass off into the flue. As the heat subsides the ventilator gradually closes again, and remains shut until the heat sets upon the mercury.

THE LEADING STAPLE.—The statement made by Senator Douglass, of Illinois, in his recent speech at the agricultural fair in New York, that cotton was the leading staple of the United States," has excited considerable attention. The following facts, as to the quantity and value, taken from the census statistics of 1840, with regard to the comparative results of agriculture, will be read with interest:

Articles.	Pounds.	Value.
Indian Corn	26,641,912,320	$445,813,000
Wheat	2,999,200,000	67,500,000
Hay	20,000,000,000	100,000,000
Cotton	720,479,078	60,039,923

FAST RUNNING.—There was some fast running at the celebration of the opening of the Hudson River Railroad. The distance is 140 miles, and the engine, with a heavy train attached, ran it over to New York in *three hours and fifty minutes*, including stoppages. The speed, in some instances, exceeded fifty miles an hour. This shows the wonderful advance which has been made in the speed of travelling within a few years. In 1826, it took three days, by the accommodation stage, to reach Albany. In May, 1844, the steamboat Fulton made a passage from New York to Albany in eighteen hours and twenty-five minutes.

☞ Robert McGhee obtained five thousand dollars damages at Norfolk, recently, from John Cooper, who shot him some time since, causing the loss of his arm.

☞ By a new arrangement (using the Central Railroad) the mail route between Philadelphia and Pittsburg is to be shortened some 16 hours.

THE FREE ANNIHILATOR.—There was an experiment made at St. Louis, recently, with the new fire annihilator, which proved a perfect failure. A two-story frame building had been erected for the occasion and filled with combustible materials, turpentine, &c. After being set on fire, the "Annihilator" was applied, but its influence in checking the flames was not altogether apparent, and only for a few minutes. Another experiment, it is said, will be made. The failure is ascribed to mismanagement. Upwards of 2,000 persons were present to witness the experiment.

☞ Sudden resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer, indicate little else than the changeableness of the weather.

Foreign Items.

The potato disease is spreading in the North of Ireland, causing considerable alarm; but owing to the abundance of the wheat crops, no oppression is felt of a deficiency of food.

The proprietor of McCormick's reaping machine has challenged all other machines to a trial of their capabilities.

Count Alexander Arrivabene, late a Sentenced in the Austrian army, has been condemned by a court-martial to be hanged, for having written an article entitled, "The Secret Agitators."

A self-pluming musket, invented by Dr. Maynard, of Philadelphia, attracts much attention at the Exhibition.

Letters received from Madrid to the 18th ult., state that the Spanish Government is about to send six or eight thousand additional troops to Havana.

The news of the capture and execution of General Lopez, at Havana, reached London on the 21st ultimo, and elicited considerable comment from the London press, chiefly in favor of the course pursued by the Spanish Government.

The greatest rejoicing was occasioned at Madrid by the reception of the news from Cuba of the capture of Lopez; but it was resolved still to send out the reinforcements designed for the island. The Marquis of Miraflores has addressed a note to the Spanish Ministers at the friendly Courts, in which he states that although Spain does not desire war with the United States, she will not hesitate to declare war if forced to do so. The excitement in relation to Cuban affairs is increasing, even yet, and warlike threats against the United States are rife. Despatches have been transmitted to Washington, protesting in the strongest terms against the suppression of the United States Government.

Notice had been given that the removal of the goods from the Crystal Palace may be commenced on the 16th of October, and an order issued laying down the rules regulating such removal.

The sub-marine telegraph wire cable has been again sunk from Dover across the Straits, to within two-and-a-half miles of the coast of France, where it was anchored at the last dates.

A vessel had arrived at Southampton from Sidney, with $20,000 in Australian gold.

A great Reform meeting was held at Manchester, for the purpose of giving an impetus to the measures for introducing a new Reform Bill at the coming session of Parliament.

Nearly 4,000 000 of persons had, up to the last dates from London, visited the Great Exhibition, and the amount received for admission is little short of £400,000, or about $2,000,000.

The Asia brought to this country, Madame Colonie, and James Wallack, the tragedian.

Local News.

THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—The Exhibition of the Philadelphia County Society for the promotion of agriculture, last week at the Rising Sun village, attracted a large number of visitors. The display was the best the Society has ever made, there being a large number of contributions, and the stocks, both as to quality and quantity, very superior.

The agricultural implements occupied the centre of the large field, and embraced almost every variety of description of appliance used by the husbandman.

Messrs. Prouty & Barrell exhibited a specimen of the "Prouty Cog," by which, as we have before, we are seldom disappointed in this machine. Yesterday, for example, we saw a little miscellaneous collection of children on Second Street, and, on approaching the point of attraction, we observed a very gentlemanly young man, dressed up to the nines, and sporting a splendid cane, and a pair of whiskers, who was handling a paver's rammer among several other persons engaged in the same work, and apparently making very progress in that part of the street. The young gentleman, as intimated above, was dressed in the most fashionable style, and in the midst of admiration of the spectators, who seemed to consider it something uncommon for such a dandyish person to be occupied with such a task. We suppose our readers generally are aware that driving down paving-stones with a "rammer" is no baby's play; in fact, the toilsome employment made our dandy perspire freely, and he regarded a considerable redness in his complexion. Observing that the by-standers took a lively interest in his pursuits, he came to a pause, wiped off the sweat with a silk handkerchief, and addressed the assembly:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I perceive that you are each one to know why I am thus engaged; such not to keep you in the taunt-hooks of surprise, I will let you have an abridgement of my history. My father died several years ago, and left me in easy circumstances, with respect to money; but my idle and inactive habits, placed me in serious circumstances with respect to digestion. For want of exercise, I became dyspeptic; the doctor advised me to use the dumb-bells. For several days, I swung two heavy pieces of lead to and fro, when it occurred to me that this was all labor thrown away. If I do work, (thought I,) why may I not use as well do something useful. While reflecting on the subject, I happened to be passing this spot, and seeing the pavers at work, I requested one of them to take a seat on that pile of stones, and allow me to use his rammer for ladies hour. I found this exercise much more agreeable than the dumb-bells; besides, I have the satisfaction of reflecting that my toil now tends to a noble purpose, namely, the welfare of my fellow-citizens. Every day, I employ myself for half-an-hour with the rammer, and since I adopted this plan, the symptoms of dyspepsia have entirely disappeared. My appetite is tremendous, and I can digest anything except James's last novel."

The applause of the spectators followed this explanation, and we resolved, on the instant, to make the case public, for the benefit of other dyspeptics who may not have discovered what medicinal virtue resides in a "rammer."—*Pennsylvanian.*

LARGE SALE OF TALLOW.—The "Butcher's Mechanic Association" of this city, last week made a sale of 300 casks, the average weight of which was over 1,000 lbs. This is probably the largest sale of tallow ever made in this city, or perhaps in the country.—It is for the Liverpool market.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 178—adults 83, and children 95.

BURLINGTON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—The Burlington County Agricultural Society held its 20th annual exhibition, at Mount Holly, on Wednesday of last week. The day was fine, and the display of articles was of the choicest character. The wealth of this County seemed to have taken an influx into Mount Holly, and everything, from the smallest agricultural production, to the most useful invention of art, occupied their appropriate positions, and reflected the highest credit upon the industry and skill of the farmers of the County. The display was equal to any former exhibition.

The horticultural department was richly decorated with beautiful specimens, among which were oranges and various species of roses, produced by George Crook; a very choice and beautiful wax flower, by Deborah Taylor; a splendid specimen of the Cactus Thurberi, by Mrs. James Longstreth; a very beautiful bouquet in the form of a Gothic belfry, by Nathan Holman, to which was awarded a first premium; and the magnificent flower Victoria Regina, or Eve's Thread, by Mrs. John Kompton. The grapes exhibited were splendid specimens of the Isabella and native varieties.

Some very rare specimens of needlework were exhibited in the Ladies' department, consisting of one by Mrs. J. Hooton, Miss Rebecca Ann Shreve, Emeline A. Cooper, and Mrs. James Lippincott. Some specimens of very elaborately worked shirts were exhibited by Samuel Carr, Sarah J. Clark, and Mrs. Earle. The netting work deposited by Mrs. A. L. Clark was very fine, and the ottomans by Mrs. C. D. Byrne, were exceedingly beautiful.

In the department of manufactured articles there were displayed many tasty specimens of carriages, by Mrs. Mathews, Joseph Higgins, Crawford and Slinton, and J. F. Naylor. Everett's patent carriage sampling, a very useful article, which will enable a vehicle to turn in a perfect circle without danger, was deposited by A. J. Beaumont, of New Hope, Pa., agent for New Jersey. Bedsteads, bureaus, tables, sofas, chairs, &c., by T. F. Koster; fancy patterns of parlor stoves, by Peter Lynch; trunks, harness and saddlery, by C. R. Bishop; the best specimen of sewing machine ever in use was exhibited by W. & C. Crook, of Bucks County. Mr. B. is the original inventor, and he manufactured them at New Hope, Pa.

The implements for farming utensils was well supplied with straw-cutters, corn cultivators, corn ploughs and seeders, the best specimens of which were deposited by Mr. Murray, of New Hope, Pa., whose plough has taken nine premiums. Hay-rakes, grain-cradles, corn-shellers, common ploughs, &c., all of which were very good specimens.

The specimens of cattle, hogs, horses, sheep, poultry, and so forth, were of the choicest kinds, and very large.

The following premiums among others, were awarded: Mrs. Leah Earle received the first premium for quilts; Mrs J. Lippincott and John S. Hancock, the second; and Anne H. Sharp and John S. Lippincott, the third. Mrs. Longstaff, a second premium for a splendid Canton Pinat; John Crook, second premium for a bouquet in the form of a Gothic Church-steeple; Mrs. Longstaff, a first premium for a pyramidal bouquet; Sierra Earle, a first premium for plain needle-work; Miss A. T. Clark, first premium for netted work; Joseph Higgins, second premium for carriages; and Thaddeus Wood-ton, a first premium for carriages. Everything went off in fine style, and much admiration was expressed at the various articles of exhibition.

ROMAN ASSOCIATION.—The semi-annual Report of this benevolent and praise-worthy Association gives a cheering account of the results of past efforts by the Association for the reformation of females who have wandered from the path of virtue, and encourages the belief that these efforts will be equally successful in the more extensive in the future. The Report states that 190 women of this unfortunate class have been received as inmates since the opening of the Rosine House. Applications for admission of friendless and destitute women, of respectable character, a shelter was given, previous to the opening of the Temporary Home, which institution was founded and brought into existence by the Managers of the Rosine Association. Of the necessity of both these societies it is only necessary to speak. A preventive and remedial institution are equally needed; the one to save and protect the innocent from the fate of the fallen, the other to rescue the fallen from the grasp of iniquity; to raise the fallen, to place within their reach the means of honorable existence, and to point them upward and onward to a higher and better state, where they may glide imperceptibly into the social and holy relations of life.

The Managers also state that 307 women and children have been provided homes and employment from the Temporary Home, since the house was opened, one year since, and 1,100 from the Rosine, since the Institution and Intelligence Office came into existence. Total, from the two Associations, 1,392. These facts reply to the queries, "What have they done?" "What are they doing?" and we may add further, that in one or the other of these Homes, every woman who is able and willing to work, and whose object is to maintain herself honestly by the labor of her own hands, may be sheltered and protected, and, whatever may have been the errors of the past, if a disposition is shown for amendment and future rectitude, she need no longer say, "I have no home, no friends" for both home and friends are offered to the deserving, and well as to those who evince a disposition to become the deserving.

The funds of the Association appear to have been judiciously expended, but a small deficiency in the receipts renders an appeal to public sympathy and aid necessary at this time. This encouragement should, however, be promptly given, as the destitution sustained in the work of reformation and benevolence.

SCROFULA.—Wright's *Indian Vegetable Pills* will be found a radical cure for every kind of Scrofula, because they cleanse and purify the body of all bad humors and everything that is opposed to health, and impart to such an energy to the circulation as to give health and vigor are given to the whole frame. From two to four of said *Indian Vegetable Pills*, taken on going to bed, will effect a perfect cure in the most obstinate cases of Scrofula, at the same time the constitution will undergo such a radical change that Scrofula in any other complaint will not be launched from the body, and new life and vigor will be given to the whole frame.

Beware of Counterfeits! The genuine will be found for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER,
No. 23 South Third street.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '76	105	—	Mechanics	97	97½
" 6s '86	99	—	Commercial	93	—
" 6s '87	111½	115½	Kensington	60	—
" 6s '88	113½	116	P Township	29	—
" 6s '89	101	—	Girard	11½	12
Reading R	57	—	Western	63	—
Penna 6s	99	—	Mar & Mech	97	—
" 5s	90	90½	Penn Dist Co	35	—
" 5s '41	90	90½	Camden N J	50	60
" 5s '42	90	90½	Germantown	53	54
Phila 6s	102	102½	Tac Bk Co	25	—
" 5s	90	90½	Pittsb'g Bk	54	—
" Gas	—	—	M & M Penn	54½	—
County 6s	96	—	Exchange	100	—
Penna 6s	100	100½	Com. Cin.	15	—
" 5s	90½	90½	Louis, Ky	105	—
Kentucky 6s	101	101½	Kentucky Bk	101½	—
Tennessee 6s	90½	91	Northern	108½	—
Illinois 6s	61	64	Union, Tenn	69	70
Cincinnati 6s	97	97½	Planters, Tenn	—	70
Penn'T Notes	31	33	Bickelberg	18	19½
" bds 5s	33	34½	Com. Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	34	35	N O Gas Bk	—	111
" 5s	—	80½	Louisville	—	13
Lehigh N 6s	80	80½	Lehigh Nav	26	26½
" 1st coup	85	86	C & Del Cl	100	103
" 2d coup	80	80½	Cam & Amb	111½	113½
C & D Cl 6s	93	97	Penn & Ohio Cl	97½	99
C & Am R bds	97	98	Union Cl	94	95½
Penn R 6s	97	98	Penn & Am R	104	—
Susqueh Cl 6s	54	57	Penna R	40½	40½
Norris'n's R 6s	90	—	Sea Mdw R	15	18
Harris R 6s	93	93	Lykens Val R	13	—
Wil R 6s	84	84½	North Am. S	13	15
Read R 6s	84½	85½	Susqueh Cl	12½	14
" Mort 6s	79	79	Norristown R	54	55
U S Bk Notes	99	—	Harrisburg	49	49½
U S Bk Shares	1	1½	Wilmington R	24½	25
N Amer Bk	135	137	Reading R	27½	27½
Penna Bk	107½	108	Penna R	69	—
Philadelphia	120	125	S Liberty Gas	92	95
Far & Mech	69	69½	Penn Copper	1	—
Commercial	57½	58	Schuyl Copper	—	—
N Liberty	49	51	N W Min Co	28	29½

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. JOHNSTON & CO., BROKERS,
No. 36 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, October 18, 1851.

PENNSYLVANIA.		VERMONT.	
Philadelphia banks par		Bank of St Albans 1 dis	
U S bank notes 15 dis		All solvent banks 1 dis	
Chambersburg 1 dis		CONNECTICUT.	
Erie 1 dis		All solvent banks 1 dis	
Berks county no sale		MASSACHUSETTS.	
Gettysburg 1 dis		All solvent banks 1 dis	
Carlisle 1 dis		Pawtucket bk Sellers	
Lewistown no sale		Dorchester and Milton	
Brownsville 1 dis		union notes no sale	
Bucks county 1 dis		RHODE ISLAND.	
Wayneburg 1½ dis		All solvent bnks 1 dis	
Washington 1 dis		Phenix bk, Westerly	
Erie 1½ dis		union notes no sale	
Susquehanna co'utyland		CANADA.	
Lebanon par		Montreal 3 dis	
Lehigh county bk no sale		VIRGINIA.	
Towanda no sale		Bk of Valrbranches 1 dis	
Honesdale 1 dis		Far bk & branches 1 dis	
Harrisburg 1 dis		Valley

Selected Poetry.

OCTOBER.

Solemn, yet beautiful to sight,
Month of my heart, thou strangest term,
Wild and sad faded nurse or queen
Of the dead summer's memory, hear
The sweeping of thy robe I hear
As the red sunset dies afar,
And hues of purple clouds appear,
Mourning over every Western star.

Does solemn sound? I hear thy voice!
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to love was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze.
Oh, voices bright! oh, blessed hours!
Where are their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers,
I ask my pale and dressed brow.

I look to Nature, and behold
My life's fair emblems reeling round
In hues of ruinous end of gold—
The year's dead leaves on the ground;
And sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their live pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightsome summons shone,
They came in sunlight from the West;
They bore the wood-lark's midday tune,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast.
Through Summer, fanning in the heat,
They whispered to their leafy bed;
But changed and strengthened now, they beat,
In storm, o'er mountains, glen and glade.

How like these transports of the heart,
When life is fresh, and joy is new!
Built on the babe-year's dreamy nest,
And treasured all as they are true!
They say the breeze in that bright wreath
Which flows about her diamond tresses,
Til Grief's hot sighs scatter it beneath,
And Firstborn's lip its smile caresses.

Alas, for Time, and Death, and Care,
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial-pageant of the Spring.
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side.

Leaves from History.

HAMILTON AND BURR.

Disappointed, and all his hopes blighted, as he believed, by Hamilton's instrumentality, Burr became eager for vengeance. Humiliating was the contrast between himself and Hamilton, to whom, in his anger, he was ready to ascribe, not his personal defeat merely, but his blasted character also. Though fallen from his former station of commanding influence in the conduct of affairs, Hamilton still enjoyed the confidence and applause of a party, embracing, indeed, but two suspect able to be designed; while, of his bitter opponents, none, with any pretensions to character or candor, doubted his honor or questioned his integrity. Burr, on the other hand, saw himself distrusted and suspected by every body, and just about to sink into political annihilation and pecuniary ruin. Two months' meditation on this desperate state of affairs brought on his cold, implacable spirit to the point of striking his antagonist to take that of his rival. He might even have entertained the hope—for, though cunning and dexterous to a remarkable degree, he had no great intellect—that, Hamilton killed or disgraced, and thus removed out of the way, he might yet retrieve his desperate fortunes.

Among other publications made in the course of the late contest were two letters by a Dr. Cooper, a western partisan of Lewis, in one of which it is alleged that Hamilton had spoken of Burr as a "dangerous man, who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government." In the other letter, after repeating the above statement, Cooper adds, "I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr."

Upon this latter passage Burr seized as the means of forcing Hamilton into a duel. For his part and apparent thereto he selected William P. Van Ness, a young lawyer, one of his most attached partisans, and not less dark, designing, cool, and implacable than himself. Van Ness was sent to Hamilton with a copy of Cooper's printed letter and a note from Burr, inditing upon "a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expressions which would warrant Cooper's assertion."

Perfectly well acquainted both with Burr and Van Ness, and perceiving as well from Van Ness' conversation as from Burr's note a settled intention to fix a quarrel upon him, Hamilton framed his immediate answer, preambling a reply in writing at his earliest convenience. In that reply he called Burr's attention to the fact that the word "despicable," however in its general signification it might imply imputations upon personal honor as to which explanations might be asked, yet, from its connection, as used in Dr. Cooper's letter, it apparently related merely to questions for political office, a subject, as nothing more was said about the definite statement referred to in the same letter, as to which it seemed to be admitted that no explanation was demandable. Still, Hamilton expressed a perfect readiness to avow or disavow any specific opinion which he might be charged with having uttered; but added that he never would consent to be interrogated generally as to whether he had ever said any thing in the course of fifteen years of political competition to justify inferences which others might have drawn, from assuming his candor and sincerity to injurious imputations on the part of all who might have misapprehended him. "More than this," so the letter concluded, "can not fitly be expected from me; especially, it can not be reasonably expected that I shall enter into any explanations upon a basis so vague as that you have adopted. I trust, on more reflection, you will see the matter in the same light. If not, I can only regret the circumstance, and await whilst the consequences."

Burr's curt, rude, and offensive reply began with intimating that Hamilton's letter was greatly deficient in that sincerity and delicacy which he professed so much to value. The epithet in question, in the common understanding of it, implied dishonor. It having been alleged to Burr's name upon Hamilton's authority, he was bound to say whether he had authorized it, either directly, or by attaching expressions or opinions derogatory to Burr's honor.

It was apparent from this letter, and it was subsequently distinctly stated by Van Ness, that what Burr required was a general disavowal on the part of Hamilton of any intention, in any conversation he might ever have held, to convey impressions derogatory to the honor of Burr.

Granting Burr's right to make this extraordinary inquisition into Hamilton's confidential conversations and correspondence, it would have been quite out of the question for Hamilton to make any such disavowal. His practice as a lawyer had given him full insight into Burr's swindling pecuniary transactions, and he had long regarded him, in his private as well as his political character, as a consummate villain, as reckless and unprincipled as he was cool, audacious and enterprising—an opinion which he had found frequent occasion to express more or less distinctly while warning his Federal friends against the arts of Burr.

Disdrous, however, to deprive Burr of any possible excuse for persisting in his murderous intentions, Hamilton caused a paper to be transmitted to him, through Pendleton, a brother lawyer, who acted as his friend in this matter, to the effect that, if properly addressed—for Burr's second letter was considered too insulting to admit of a reply—he should be willing to state that the conversation alluded to by Dr. Cooper, so far as he could recall it, was wholly in relation to politics, and did not touch upon Burr's private character; nor should he hesitate to make an equally prompt avowal or disavowal as to any other particular of specific conversation as to which he might be questioned.

But as Burr's only object was to find a pretext for a challenge, since he never could have expected the general disavowal he demanded, this offer was pronounced unsatisfactory and a mere evasion; and again, a second time, discovering in the same breath the change made against him of gentlemanly bearing, Burr requested Van Ness to deliver a challenge. Even after its delivery, Hamilton made a further attempt at pacific arrangement in a second paper, denying any attempt to evade, or intention to defy or insult, as had been insinuated, with particular reference to the closing paragraph of Hamilton's first letter, to Burr's observations, through Van Ness, on Hamilton's first paper. But this second paper Van Ness refused to receive, on the ground that the challenge had been already given and accepted. It was insisted, however, on Hamilton's part, as the Federal Circuit Court was in session, in which he had many important cases, that the meeting should be postponed till the Court was over, since he was not willing, by any act of his, to expose his clients to embarrassment, loss, or delay.

THE DUEL.

It was not at all in the spirit of the profound duellist, it was not upon any paltry point of honor, that Hamilton had accepted this extraordinary challenge, by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous injuries done on Burr's character, levelled about to consummation, and to the consequences for two or three years past. The practice of duelling he clearly condemned; indeed, he had himself already been a victim to it in the loss of his eldest son, a boy of promise, in a political duel, some two years previously. At a private citizen, or a man under the influence of moral and religious sentiments, as a husband loving and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family, as he certainly deemed himself, the step might suffer by his death, he had every motive for resisting the meeting. He fit cleared to a prayer which, under a presentiment of his fate, he took care to leave behind him. It was in the character of a public man—it was in that lofty spirit of gentleness, of which examples are so rare, rising high above all parochial and private considerations, a spirit magnanimous and self-sacrificing to the last, however, in this instance, mistaken that he finally accepted the challenge of his fatal challenger. "The ability to be in future useful"—such was his own statement of his motives—whether in resuming situations or doing good in those extent of our public affairs which are likely to happen, would probably be irreparably lost, in consistently with propriety in this particular."

With that candor towards his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished, but of which so many others, indeed, did the ever experience any return, he discovered in this paper, the last he ever wrote, any disposition to affix any offence to Burr's conduct in this particular case. He denied feeling toward Burr any personal ill will, while he admitted that Burr might naturally be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged, and which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report. These animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconception or misinformation; yet his conscience had not permitted on light grounds, nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he left on record, and communicated also to his second, to withhold and throw away his first fire, and perhaps even his second; thus giving to Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect.

The grounds of Weehawk, on the Jersey shore, opposite New York, were at that time the usual field of fatal single combats, then, chiefly by reason of the inflamed state of political feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The barge-men, as well as Dr. Hosack, the surgeon, who had agreed upon, remained, as usual, at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses. The parties having exchanged salutations, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces; loaded the pistols; made the other preliminary arrangements; and placed the combatants. At the appointed signal, Burr took deliberate aim, and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side, and, as he fell, his pistol, too, was unconsciously discharged. Burr approached him apparently somewhat moved; but on the suggestion of his second, the surgeon and bargemen already approaching, he turned and hastened off. Van Ness coolly covered him from their sight by opening an umbrella. The surgeon found Hamilton half-lying, half-sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face. "Doctor," he said, "this is a mortal wound;" and, as if overcome by the effort of speaking, he swooned quite away. As he was carried across the river, the fresh breeze revived him. His own house being in the country, he was conveyed at once to the house of a friend, where he lingered for twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-command to the last.

DEATH OF HAMILTON.

The news of his death, diffused through the city, produced the greatest excitement. Even that party hostility of which he had been so conspicuous a object, was quelled for the moment. All were now willing to admit that he was not one patriotic than able, and that in his untimely death—for he was only in his forty-eighth year the country had sustained an irreparable loss.

The usual feeling appeared itself in a public ceremony, the mournful pomp of which the city had never seen equalled. A funeral oration was delivered in Trinity Church, by Government Morris, at whose side, on the platform erected for the speaker, stood four sons of Hamilton, between the ages of sixteen and six. Morris briefly recapitulated Hamilton's public services and noble virtues—his purity of heart, his gentleness of temper, his incorruptible integrity. "I charge you to protect his fame!" he added; "it is all that he has left. All that these orphan children will inherit from their father. Though he was compelled to abandon public life, never for a moment did he abandon public service. He never lost sight of your interests. In his most private and confidential conversations, the single objects of discussion were your freedom and happiness. You know that he never courted your favor by adulation or the sacrifice of his judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving your dearest interests as it were, in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. He was charged with ambition, and, wounded by imputations, he declared, in the proud independence of his soul, that he never would accept of key office, unless, in a foreign war, he should be called on to expose his life in defence of his country. He was ambitious only of glory; but he was disdainful of imitations for you. For himself he feared nothing; but he feared that bad men might, by false pretensions, acquire your confidence, and abuse it to your ruin."

In Hamilton's death the Federalists and the country experienced a loss second only to that of Washington. Hamilton possessed the same rare and lofty qualities, the same just balance of mind, with less, indeed, of Washington's severe simplicity and awe-inspiring presence, but with more of warmth, variety, ornament and grace. If the Doric in architecture be taken as the symbol of Washington's character, Hamilton's belonged to the same grand style as developed in the Corinthian—it less impressive, more winning. If we add Jay for the Ionic, we have a trio not to be matched, in fact not to be approached, in our history, if, indeed, in any other. Of earth-born Titans, as terrible, if not as powerful, as the fabled gods and serpents, there were every where enough. Of the serene and benign sons of the celestial gods, how few, at any time, have walked the earth!

PRESENCE OF MIND.

All are liable at any hour to be placed in situations where presence of mind can effect more than could any amount of physical power. Any of the thousand accidents so frequently occurring in households, as the breaking of a lamp filled with some one of the explosive substances at present so common, and which half the families would probably continue to use though they had proved the destruction of the other half, calls for that presence of mind which acts in every emergency with coolness and self possession.

We sometimes see men, and women, too, and even children, who, in the midst of a sudden casualty, exercise as much discretion as if it had been foreseen and thoroughly deliberated upon. But for every instance of this kind, are many more where the want of this very desirable quality of which we speak, has led to most deplorable results.

Presence of mind should be cultivated as a whole, an important trait of character. The least one indulges in yielding to impulse in small things, the easier will one find it to act with self-control in great things.

Speaking of presence of mind in children, recalls a recent instance. A little girl of five years, being in a room by herself, attempted as it appeared to light a fire with matches, when the flame was accidentally communicated to her dress. A person presently entering, found the child, her clothes burnt almost entirely from her person, calmly receiving her blustering hands. On being asked in what way she had extinguished the flames, she answered, illustrating with a mournful fragment of her frock, "Why, I wrapped it all up together, so." How many older persons, had they but been as self-possessed as this young child, might have saved themselves from a horrible death!

Some years ago, a boat containing a pleasure party, was, when in the middle of the Connecticut, by some means overturned. One gentleman, who was a good swimmer, seized a young lady to whom he was affianced, and succeeded in placing her upon a plank capable of sustaining her entirely above water. Propelling this, he made for the shore, which he would certainly have reached, but for the entire loss of presence of mind on the part of the lady. Utterly unheeding her lover's entreaties and assurances, she flung herself once and again from her safe position, and clung around his neck with the tenacity of despair. Twice she was replaced, but the third time, the young man having become exhausted, the two sank together to rise no more. A mournful instance of the result of lack of self-command in time of need.—*American Union.*

EVIL JOE MILLER, in his jests, has no eye to pretext justice; he generally gives the victory, or turns the laugh, on the side of merit. No small compliment to mankind!—*Shenstone.*

Selected Articles.

PRAISE AMONG THE MARRIED.

'Tis among the married. Why should they not speak kindly of each other? the voice of commendation is sweet, doubly sweet from the lips of those we love. It melts into best feelings, softens the heart, and makes it yield to the kindly and ennobling influences which smile forth on its every approach, or manifest themselves in the deep, hallow response of the memories left within it. Why should not the husband praise the wife, and the wife the husband? Is there any reason why they should withhold from each other the meed of praise which is so justly theirs